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cloud, and back of it all the sun. She will find what James Russell Lowell pleads for when he says: "Give us the humanities undiminished in their ancient right. Give us science too, but give us first of all that science which ennobles life and makes it generous."

This higher education will also broaden your sympathies and give you that deep, unselfish love for humanity, which ought to be the key-stone of your nursing arch. What you must give is not the drugs, the routine treatment alone, but most of all yourself, your sympathy, interest and affections:

Not the mere artist purchased to attend,
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,
Whose genial presence in itself combines
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

* * * * *

Unmoved by praise, she stands by all confessed,
The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

With this highest and best of educations, will come a true sense of the real rewards of the profession. And what are the rewards? There is a living, and something more, but money can never repay you when you give yourself. You must find your real and lasting reward in a sense of duty well performed and the opportunity for service which is yours.

For centuries the reigning house of England has proudly borne for its motto the German words "*Ich Dien*," "I serve," and higher education can help you more than all else to make this the motto of your life and your profession. It will help to make you what that profession calls upon you to be, will teach you to love it with all your heart, to work for it with all your strength, to give to it the best you have, unsparingly and gladly, and if you do this, then you too will be of the blood royal, for you can write proudly upon your banner—"I serve."

MEMORIES

BY "FOREIGNER"

In the halls of futurity, if we may accept the philosophy of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," a voice was given me, and I early acquired a singing knowledge of old English and Scotch songs from my father's expressive rendering. He seemed to derive much happiness from hearing my childish voice uplifted in the tender old melodies. In due time a teacher took my voice in charge, and I began to trill Italian

arias, not altogether to the satisfaction of my parents, who revelled in the simple, old-fashioned airs of the homeland.

About this time a girl friend entered one of our largest hospitals for training. We were both young and impressionable, and she told me stories of her numerous patients with such human emphasis that I became full of a desire to share in the service which my friend performed in the wards where she labored.

"I wonder," said I, timidly, "if they'd let me sing to some of your sick ones sometimes? Miss Sharr, now (a woman who had been born blind) says my voice has more sympathy than any she has ever listened to, and perhaps I could," I hesitated, for I was young, and though I had done some public work I was not over-confident, and hardly knew the effect of my powers of interpretation upon others.

"Don't know, I'm sure," returned my trim, cheery probationer; "there's so much red tape in a big British hospital."

But I thought about it, and one day brought my deliberations to a focus by addressing the matron of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital as follows:

DEAR MADAM:

Will you grant me permission to sing to the patients of the Hospital you superintend? It has been said that my singing gives pleasure, and if you will allow me to use my voice in this way, it will make me very happy indeed.

Yours sincerely, etc.

A few days later a short, business-like reply reached me, asking that I call and see Miss Garth, the matron, at a stated time in her office, when the subject could be discussed. I felt distinctly nervous about that interview, for Miss Garth was renowned for her cold dignity. As she entered the room in her immaculately white uniform, and gravely surveyed me, my courage ebbed away. What right had I, indeed, to imagine that my voice could comfort sad hearts or help any of the pain-racked ones in this woman's charge to forget, even for a little time? Just because my mother loved her daughter's voice, and a blind woman had said that she did—my soliloquy was interrupted by the unemotional tones of Miss Garth:

"Your are Miss Clarke?"

"Yes!" I falteringly admitted.

"What made you think you would like to sing here?" she next inquired.

"Just what I said in my note," I replied.

"Have you been crossed in love?"

For a moment I did not take in the significance of the question, but

as it burst upon me I smiled, then broke forth into a laugh which effectually dispelled all my previous embarrassment.

"Oh, no," I gasped, "not yet, anyway."

My outburst and response seemed to reassure her, and a faint smile appeared round her grave lips.

"Many girls," she explained, "come here under disappointment of some kind, and think they can forget it in the work of caring for the sick. After awhile they tire, and I find such people do not make the best nurses. I wondered if you were actuated by some such motive."

"No, indeed," I hastened to tell her, "my motive is just the simple one I stated in my letter to you."

"What would be the nature of your music?" she asked.

"People have said that my renderings of the old, simple songs gave them pleasure," I replied, "and I thought they would meet with some response in a place like this."

The matron agreed with me, and gave me a pass which admitted me to four wards. Then she accompanied me and introduced me to the head nurse of each division who, by the way, is addressed as "Sister." The matron explained the character of my proposed visits, and intimated to the Sisters, and to me, that my visits would be regulated by the condition of the patients.

Each ward accommodated from twenty-five to thirty patients, and the first I entered that afternoon had a decidedly cheerful aspect. "Everyone," said Sister, "is doing nicely."

Autumn was in the air, and a bright fire was burning in the great open fireplace on one side of the ward. One or two women in warm dressing gowns were seated in easy chairs before the crackling logs. A hum of conversation was going on, but when the opening notes of "Max-welton Braes are Bonnie" sounded down the long room, a hush fell upon the place. I quite forgot my limitations, but felt my voice go out with the desire to bring some pleasure, interest or comfort to the wan faces lying so quietly upon the white pillows.

But I had a rival near by, whom I did not observe, until I heard his sweet shrill voice raised in unison with mine. He was a dainty, yellow canary, hanging in one of the windows, and had been presented by some grateful patient to the Sister, who shared him, when she could, with her big family of transients. He listened to several of my songs in silence, but when I began "Robin Adair," "What's this dull town to me, Robin's not near?" his little breast swelled, and there poured from his full throat such a rich melody that I was put to rout and utterly vanquished. A merry laugh went up from us all, and the little episode helped me to a closer acquaintance with the occupants of the beds near by.

There was Esther, whom I tried, and failed, to find after she left the hospital, for she evidently gave me a wrong address. Poor Esther, who said she hadn't any friends or relations, or anyone in life to care for her, "an' the sooner she was dead the better."

"Nonsense!" Sister interrupted briskly, who happened to be near when she made this remark, "what would become of 'Jimmy' and 'Ben'?" "Oh, them!" said Esther, nonchalantly, and turned her head away. Jimmy and Ben were Esther's two babies, but where their father was no one knew. A bedraggled woman brought them to see their mother on visiting days, but Esther never vouchsafed any information or answered any questions.

And little Mrs. Smith, she of the slight thin frame, with the bravest pair of eyes one ever looked into. Straining over a washtub had put her there, while her husband visited all the saloons in his—almost always—spare time. They had seven bonnie children, several of whom the eldest girl, "Ruby Jane," aged thirteen years, brought along whenever the rules of the hospital permitted. Poor "Ruby Jane," with "Vera," and "Sylvia," and "Gladys," and "Cyril," and "Teddie," and "Harry" to wash and feed and keep off the streets, while mother, with the always alert eyes, waited quietly in big Ward C.

It took a little courage on my part to knock at the door of the men's wards in this big hospital. What if they should think the songs I offered sentimental and effeminate? and perhaps they wouldn't care for my singing anyway. But the warmth of their reception after the first day filled my girlish heart with gratitude; for someone started a warm handclapping on my entrance, which grew and continued until I reached my seat near the fireplace in the middle of the room, and when I finished, the same kindly demonstration banished the shrinking from my heart forever.

There was a warm-hearted Irishman, for whom I had to sing "Kil-larney" at least once every day while he was there, and the boyish Scotchman, who thought "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" the finest song ever written much to the openly-expressed disgust of the "Kil-larney" enthusiast. One day a great red-bearded man, whom no one seemed to notice, called me to his bedside, and asked me if I would sing "She wore a wreath of roses." He said he "liked my songs," because I "did not give them too many hymns." Usually I carefully chose and sang a few between the simple songs. "Hymns," he said, "were for the dying, and they didn't want them there." Some months afterwards, in a home for incurables, I sang the two verses of

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child.

over and over again, at the request of my big friend of the long red beard, for never again did he get out into the fresh sweet air, until they carried him to his long, last home in the crowded city cemetery.

Then there was "Hans." "Hans" was a Norwegian sailor boy, and had been hurt internally, when his ship was unloading at the Australian port. Poor sick Hans! In a foreign land, unable to understand our language or make himself understood.

"Is there anything one can do?" I asked Sister, for we all knew Hans was sick unto death.

"Newly-laid eggs would be acceptable," suggested Sister, for it was winter, and the freshest eggs were hard to get. So I became a marauder of my mother's hens' nests. It had to be so, for my mother said: "Eating eggs was eating money at that time of year." But it was quite a strain to meet her perplexed and innocent eyes, as she indignantly anathematized her cheerful and clucking hens, and said "their heads would surely come off, if they didn't stop pretending to do their duty, when she fed them so well." She felt that her eldest-born boy, Alfred, wanted those eggs, but I knew that a Norwegian mother's boy, Hans, needed them. Alfred had a big hearty laugh and muscles "strong as iron bands," and Hans—well, Hans, was just sick, shy Hans, that's all. To be spoken to was an agony to the boy. He was able to be up and around almost all the time, but would feebly disappear upon anyone's approach.

There are so many others to think back upon, little Greta, who had not walked for years, a cheerful little girl of ten, with white, wan face, always humming a little tune, or playing with a blossom in her thin fingers; and the unhappy genius, who wrote lines of rare poetic charm, loved by the people of his own land, and of other lands too, he who, in a drunken fit, threw himself over one of the headlands facing the blue Pacific, and who, in the month afterward that he spent on his back, vowed with a wealth of misery in his pathetic eyes that he "would do better in the future." His frail-looking wife carried his books from door to door to help make a living for herself and little child.

And "Lon Sing." Never shall I forget this poor helpless one from the Celestial Empire. Occasionally patients who could walk from near-by wards were brought for fifteen minutes or so, while I sang, and evidently Lon Sing came from the ophthalmic ward, for a shade obscured one eye. Just as the singing of his compatriots is unmusical and queer to us, so, I suppose, was mine to him. His pigtail hung down his back limply, his one eye had a look of terror in it, his mouth was open, and his knees were bent, whether with physical weakness or sheer fright I never knew. But a nurse mercifully led him away before he or I col-

lapsed with pure amazement, each at the appearance of the other. Seeing him later when he had to stay in bed, I asked him how he was, and "Lon Sing" gazed at me with a troubled eye for a moment. Then he shut it up tightly, and doggedly remarked, "No sabbee."

And that is what Miss Garth, the matron, expressed in somewhat different language, when my visits had to end because of my removal to New Zealand—twelve hundred miles away. "I don't understand," she said, "why there are not many in this big rich city—girls with good musical training and lives of leisure, willing to devote a few hours a week where they can be so sincerely appreciated."

THE OFFICE NURSE

By ANNA L. GIBSON, R.N.

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This is an age of specialization, and trained nurses are beginning to realize this and the necessity for a special training in the various fields of nursing. For a large majority of nurses, the daily round, the common task, furnish more than enough to satisfy their hearts' desire, and there seems no room left for anything else, no desire for further instruction than that received from their training school.

Post-graduate study is needed by all classes of nurses and especially those taking up special or institutional work. Personal, first-hand intercourse with other schools is a good thing, we not only find other hospitals well equipped, we often find what we do not seek, widened sympathies and higher ideals.

Training schools are often criticised because the teaching is done by matrons who have not lucidity of thought, freedom from prejudice and stiffness, enthusiasm, and the deep love of a subject that desires to teach and extend it, and without which all instruction becomes cold and lifeless, so that nurses fail to get a full and personal knowledge of the subject taught, but merely second-hand information derived from books. Teachers should be familiar with the best work in their department and they should have had experimental and practical work in laboratories.

Physicians and surgeons are demanding trained workers for office assistants. The old-time doctor had no need of an office nurse, he made his visits, felt of the patient's pulse, looked at his tongue, left a few pills and departed. The practitioner of today makes a thorough examination, asks for specimens of urine, sputum, etc.

Dr. Osler declares that the study of physiology and pathology with-